NUMB. LXXXV.

The GUARDIAN.

——Sed te decor iſte, quod optas,
Eſſe vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat. Ovid.

Thurſday, June 18. 1713.

TO ſuffer Scandal (ſays ſomebody) is the Tax which every Perſon of Merit pays to the Publick; and my Lord *Verulam* finely obſerves, that a Man who has no Virtue in himſelf, ever envies Virtue in others. know not how it comes to paſs, but Detraction thro' all Ages has been found a Vice which the Fair Sex too eaſily give into. Not the *Roman* Satyriſt could uſe them with more Severity than they themſelves do one another. Some audacious Criticks, in my Opinion, have launched out a little too far, when they take upon them to prove, in Oppoſition to Hiſtory, that *Lais* was a Woman of as much Virtue as Beauty, which violently diſpleaſing the *Phrynes* of thoſe times, they ſecretly prevailed with the Hiſtorians to deliver her down to Poſterity under the infamous Character of an extorting Proſtitute. But tho' I have the greateſt Regard imaginable to that ſofter Species, yet am I ſorry to find they have very little for themſelves. So far are they from being tender of one another's Reputation, that they take a malicious Pleaſure in deſtroying it. My Lady the other Day, when *Jack* was asking who could be ſo baſe to ſpread ſuch a Report about Mrs.——, anſwer'd, None, you may be ſure, but a Woman. A little after *Dick* told my Lady, that he had heard *Florella* hint as if *Cleora* wore artificial Teeth; The Reaſon is, ſaid ſhe, becauſe *Cleora* firſt gave out, that *Florella* ow'd her Complexion to a Waſh. Thus the induſtrious pretty Creatures take Pains, by Invention, to throw Blemiſhes on each other, when they don't conſider that there is a profligate Sett of Fellows too ready to taint the Character of the virtuous, or blaſt the Charms of the blooming Virgin. The young Lady, from whom I had the honour of receiving the following Letter, deſerves, or rather claims, Protection from our Sex, ſince ſo barbarouſly treated by her own. Certainly they ought to defend Innocence from Injury, who gave ignorantly the Occaſion of its being aſſaulted. Had the Men been leſs liberal of their Applauſes, the Women had been more ſparing of their calumnious Cenſures.

(Price Two Pence.)

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'I Don't know at what nice Point you fix the 'Bloom of a young Lady; but I am one who 'can juſt look back upon Fifteen. My Father dy-'ing three Years ago, left me under the Care and 'Direction of my Mother, with a Fortune not pro-'fuſely great, yet ſuch as might demand a very 'handſom Settlement, if ever Propoſals of Marriage 'ſhould be offered. My Mother, after the uſual 'time of retired Mourning was over, was ſo af-'fectionately indulgent to me, as to take me along 'with her in all her Viſits; but ſtill not thinking ſhe 'gratified my Youth enough, permitted me further to 'go with my Relations to all the publick, cheerful, 'but innocent Entertainments, where ſhe was too 'reſerved to appear her ſelf. The two firſt Years 'of my Teens were eaſie, gay and delightful. E-'very one careſſed me; the old Ladies told me how 'finely I grew, and the young ones were proud of 'my Company; but when the third Year had a little 'advanced, my Relations uſed to tell my Mother 'that pretty Miſs *Clary* was ſhot up into a Woman. 'The Gentlemen begun now not to let their Eyes 'glance over me, and in moſt Places I found my ſelf 'diſtinguiſhed; but obſerved the more I grew into 'the Eſteem of their Sex, the more I loſt the Favour 'of my own. Some of thoſe whom I had been 'familiar with, grew cold and indifferent: Others 'miſtook, by deſign, my Meaning, made me ſpeak 'what I never thought, and ſo by degrees took oc-'caſion to break off all Acquaintance. There were 'ſeveral little inſignificant Reflections caſt upon me, 'as being a Lady of a great many Quaintneſſes and 'ſuch like, which I ſeemed not to take notice of. 'But my Mother coming home about a Week ago, 'told me there was a Scandal ſpread about Town by 'my Enemies, that would at once ruin me for ever 'for a Beauty; I earneſtly entreated her to know it, 'ſhe refuſed me, but Yeſterday it diſcovered it ſelf.

'Being